THE BEE,

OR

LITERARY WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER,

FOR

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 8. 1792.

MEMOIRS OF JEAN FROISSART.

*With a portrait**.

JEAN FROISSART is scarcely known but as a historian; we have a chronicle written by him much very esteemed; for besides the naturals implicity of the stile, which renders it so very amusing, it must be looked upon as a useful work to those who wish to know the manners of the age in which he lived. But he composed a great number of poems, which have never yet been published. M. de la Curne de St. Palaye, as much distinguished by his great knowledge, as for his politeness in pointing out to the learned the springs from whence he drank, has had the goodness to communicate to the public his manuscripts of the poems of Jean Froissart. This service is not the only one for which we are indebted to this learned academician, we eagerly seize this opportunity of publicly testifying our gratitude.

* This fine portrait, which represents Froissart in the act of presenting his book to Richard II. of England, is taken from an original drawing in a very fine manuscript copy of his works, in the possession of F. Johnes Esq; communicated by him in the most obliging manner to the Editor.

Jean Froifsart was born at Valenciennes, a city of Hainault, about the year 1337. From one part of his poems we may guefs his father's name was Thomas, and that he was a painter of heraldry. He himself was a canon and treasurer of the collegiate church of Chimay.

His poetry is graceful and easy; and there is in it a tendernefs and simplicity, that is very pleasing. His stile is not brilliant, but natural;—richer in sentiment, than in wit.

His eager and impatient temper fhewed itself early in his infancy by an extreme difsipation, and as he grew older, by his love for travelling. To follow the details of his life which M. de la Curne de St. Palaye has publifhed in the memoirs of the academy of belles lettres, you never see him long in one place. After many journies into different provinces of France, you see him pafs over to England, where he is much courted; he comes back again to France, and then returns to England, where he stays five years as secretary of the chamber to queen Philippa.

You find him again in France, at Melun sur Seine, about the 20th of April 1366; and the same year at Bourdeaux, when the princefs of Wales was brought to bed of a son who was afterwards Richard II. of England.

By order of the prince of Wales, whom he wifhed to follow in his expedition to Spain, he returned back to queen Philippa; but the next year you see him running from one court to another in Italy At Milan he received from count Amadeus, *une cotte*

bardi (a pourpoint) worth twenty gold florins; and at Ferrara, from Peter I. king of Cyprus, a present of twenty ducats. The same year, having lost his protectreſs queen Philippa, he returned to his own country; but ever governed by his rambling paſsion, went through Germany to lengthen the road.

On his return he obtained the curacy of Lestines. Of all the actions of our good curate Froiſsart, during his ministry there, one only is known, and he tells it us himself, which is, that the tavernkeepers of Lestines had 500 livres of his money. He was still curate, when by letters from the duke of Anjou, sealed the 12th December 1381, fifty-six quires of his chronicle were seized, which he was getting illuminated for Richard II. at that time at war with France. This fact is taken from a manuscript journal of the biſhop of Orleans, chancellor to the duke of Anjou.

Froiſsart having afterwards attached himself to Wenceslaus de Luxembourg, duke of Brabant, collected the songs and roundelays of that prince with some of his own poetry, under the name of Melindor, or the knight of the golden sun; after the death of Wenceslaus, who did not live to see the work completed, Froiſsart was made clerk of the chapel to Guy count of Blois. One finds him in the years 1385, 1386, and 1387, sometimes in the neighbourhood of Blois, at others in Touraine. He was anxious to visit the southern provinces of the kingdom, which were at that time the theatre of warlike exploits; and having letters of recommendation from the count of Blois, he went to Gaston Phœbus, count of Foix and Bearne, a good prince, but a bad poet, who received him with

a most flattering distinction. It was in going to the court of Gaston Phœbus, that having stopped at a nunnery between Lunel and Montpelier, he inspired so strong a pafsion, that the young person cried most bitterly, as he tells us himself, at his departure.

Gaston Phœbus paid all Froifsart's expences during the time he remained at Ortez, the usual habitation of that prince. Every night about twelve o'clock, which was the supper hour of the count, Froifsart read to him different parts of Melindor, which amused him much, and Gaston never dismifsed him without his having finifhed all the wine on the table. At his departure the count gave him some presents, and invited him to return soon again to his court. It was about this time that he was robbed near Avignon. The pretext of this journey was his wifh to visit the tomb of the cardinal of Luxembourg, who died in the odour of sanctity; but the real motive was a secret commifsion he had from the lord of Coucy. From thence he came to Paris, and then he went through Hainault, Holland, and Piccardy. He returned to Paris, set out for Languedoc, came back to Paris, went to Valenciennes, Bruges, Sluys and Zealand, returned to his own country, and all this in lefs than two years. He was again at Paris in 1392, at the time the constable de Clifson was afsafsinated.

What contributed to this unsettled disposition was an unfortunate attachment, which he formed when young, and preserved in his old age. He read with a young lady romances, of which he was very fond.

Froissart, to whom she appeared amiable, by dint of reading romances, was desirous of beginning his own, and making her his heroine. He made his declaration by a ballad, which without doubt was thought pretty; but it did not hinder the lady from marrying another a short time afterwards. It was to alleviate this passion he made his second journey to England. The reception he met with, the pleasures that were procured him, not being able to triumph over his love, he came back to Valenciennes to his mistress; but Hymen was not more favourable to him than Cupid. He was not more happy than before, and neither Froissart nor his mistress could be cured, one of his passion, the other of her cruelty.

Froissart was naturally inclined to love, as the character of all his poetry shews. He is said to have succeeded particularly in pastorals; but in the manuscripts before us, we have not seen one that would not have tired the reader, from the numberless allusions to the affairs of the day, by the irregularity, and above all by the obscurity of the stile. It appears that in the early ages of our literature, it was not extraordinary for priests, and even monks, to discuss in their writings very different subjects from divine love. In these times, before and after Froissart, people of fashion were so ignorant, that the laity were, as by agreement, called rustics. With regard to science there was that distinction made, which ancient Rome made through policy, who called all the world barbarians, that were not citizens of Rome. Now, as love was the common subject to

write on, the laity writing nothing, it fell to the lot of the clergy; therefore, it was very common for poems of gallantry and sermons to come from the same author.

The love of pleasure, and his taste for travelling, which he did in an expensive manner, were causes of great dissipation to Froissart; but what seems astonishing, they did not hurt or prevent his studies; for he was scarce twenty years old when he began his chronicles. It is to be presumed that his desire of instruction, was one cause of his frequent travels.

In 1395 having returned to England, he was introduced into the chamber of king Richard, who received him with marks of the greatest pleasure. He remained in England three months, and left it with a present of one hundred nobles, in a goblet of silver, gilt, weighing two marks, which the king gave him.

This is the last remarkable circumstance of his life; the year of his death is unknown. It appears only that he was upwards of sixty when he died. He is said to be buried in the chapel of St. Anne, in the collegiate church of Chimay.

The following are no unfavourable specimens of his poetry:

RONDEL.

Reviens amy; trop longue est ta demeure *
Elle me fait avoir peine et douleur,
Mon esprit te demande a toute heure:
Reviens amy; trop longue est ta demeure.

Car il n'est nul, fors † toi qui me sequeure ‡.
Ne secourra, jusqu' a ton retour.

* *Demeure*, secure. † *Fors*, *hors*. ‡ *Sequeure*, retard.

Reviens amy; trop longue est ta demeure;
Elle me fait avoir peine et doulour.

RONDEL.

Amoms, amoms, que voulez de moi faire?
En vous ne puis voir rien de seur;
Je ne connois ne vous ne votre affaire,
Amoms. amoms, que voulez de moi faire?
En vous ne puis voir rien de seur.

Lequel vaut mieux, parler, prier, ou taire?
Dites le moi vous qui avez boneur *,
Amoms, amoms, que voulez de moi faire?
En vous ne puis voir rien de seur.

ON BANKING COMPANIES.

For the Bee.

I BEG leave to mention, that I think, if the attention of the Bee were now and then turned to the subject of our paper currency in Scotland, it might be of singular use at this critical period. I call it critical, because the unlimited right of setting up private banks, their multiplicity in consequence of this right, the obscure characters, and doubtful credit of some of the bankers, afford a favourable opportunity for the directors of chartered banks, to offer themselves as doctors to this political malady. Amputation will, you may believe, be their prescription,—and thus leave the patient, who only had a sore limb, without any limb at all. Of all the evils that could befal Scotland, that of reverting again under the power of the chartered banks, would be the worst. In truth bankers, like bakers, are not of great

* *Boneur Bonheur-Bonhasard*

use unleſs they reside near the seats of commerce. Edinburgh might as well pretend to iſsue loaves for all Scotland as bank notes. What benefit would an Aberdeen's merchant derive from the Edinburgh banks, if he wanted a bill, that had a ſhort time to run, discounted on the spur of his busineſs? Or how could an Angus farmer, procure credit for a few months, for the purchase of cattle to eat his graſs, or of lime to improve it? The very expence of postages, in correspondence with Edinburgh, would consume half his profits, besides the chance of him and his sureties being unknown, at such a distance. It is true these banks have lately branched; but is it not the rivalſhip of other banks which has forced them to this expensive and dangerous expedient? Suppreſs the other banks, and they will soon ſhrink back into their own offices in Edinburgh. Besides, why ſhould the whole profits, which are immense, of the circulation of paper in Scotland, centre in Edinburgh? Is not a diffusion of the profits of trade, one of the sources of the prosperity of a country? Let us regulate, therefore, but not supppreſs; and let our regulations have solely in view, the security of the ignorant holder of the circulating paper. Let the names of the partners be engraved on the notes. This single regulation corrects every evil. The back of the notes is now blank, and would hold the names of the most numerous company. Not one ſhilling has yet been lost to the country by the multiplicity of the banks; nor without fraud, can there be much danger of loſs. For notes are iſsued for value in securities, and these securities alone,

would indemnify the public, supposing the partners of the bank not to be worth a sixpence. The bank of Ayr, with all its folly and all its fraud, hurt the unwary proprietors; but all its notes in the hands of the public, were paid. This was a blind adventurous bank, when the subject of banking was lefs understood than now. In the course of all our observation, the towns of Scotland, in which banks have been eftablifhed, have advanced rapidly in manufactures and commerce, and the country round them in agriculture; for the trade of our private banks is not confined merely to ifsuing loans of their paper; they facilitate commercial intercourse, and furnifh the country with bills of exchange, on any place in Great Britain or Europe. Till last year, all remittances from the Highlands were made from Invernefs, to which, value behoved to be sent from the remotest corners; now you may negociate a bill in Stornaway, Thurso, and Tain, as easily as at the Exchange of Edinburgh: Is this no advantage? Credit can be converted into temporary loans of cafh, here, as well as at Edinburgh; and why fhould it not? What title has any one part of a free country to advantages, from which other parts of it are debarred? I can see a reason why commercial jealousy fhould wifh to confine those advantages to places which earliest got pofsefsion of them; but none why a wise legislature fhould lend its powers, to gratify the jealousy and avarice of selfifh individuals.

The greatest danger with which the country is threatened, will, in future, arise from tempting offers,

held out by long established companies, of advantage to the revenue, from indulging them in a monopoly. They may offer to pay a sum of money, like farmers general, and other monopolists, for the exclusive privilege of circulating their paper. But such baits are only fit to catch despots, and their ministers. It is to be hoped our parliament is too faithful to its trusts to deliver a country into the mercilefs paws of monopolists, of any kind, for the sake of a little additional revenue. In this country our resources arise from general taxes, imposed on all as a just return for general liberty, equally and impartially diffused and communicated to all.

We may reasonably hope to see this competition among bankers, if the trade be left free, produce a reduction in the rate of their discounts. The circumstances of the country would now probably admit of our banks granting cafh accounts, and especially of discounting good bills, at fourpence halfpenny *per cent.* How important would such a reduction be to all who carry on trade with borrowed money? And when would a bank, pofsefsed of the exclusive privilege of circulating its paper, make such a diminution of all profits in favour of commerce? If it did, it must be an act of pure generosity and benevolence, principles which cannot enter into trade. But in a free country, benefits derived from competition may certainly justly be accepted. I am

Yours,

Liber.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ, A TALE.

Translated from the French of the abbé Blanchet *.

THE dean of the cathedral of Badajoz poſseſsed more learning than all the doctors of Salamanca, Alcala, and Coimbra united. He was master of every language living or dead. He knew all sciences, divine as well as human; but unfortunately he was ignorant of magic, and was inconsolable for it. He was told of a most famous magician, who resided in the suburbs of Toledo, called Don Torribio; he ordered his mule to be saddled, set out for Toledo, and alighted at the door of a miserable house, where this great man lodged. Sir magician, said he, as he came up to him, I am dean of Badajoz. The learned of Spain do me the honour to call me their master, I come to you to request a more glorious title, that of becoming your disciple: Be kind enough to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and reckon that my gratitude will be deserving such kindneſs.

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he piqued himself on living with the best company in hell. He told the dean he might seek another master of magic; that for him he was quite tired of a trade where he gained only compliments and promises, and that he would no longer disgrace the occult sciences by prostituting them upon ingrati-

* The abbé Blanchet took the idea of this tale from an old book much esteemed in Spain, called El Conde Lucanor. The Editor has been favoured with a life of this singular person, by the ingenious translator of this tale, which will be publiſhed as soon as the head can be got properly engraved.

tude. "How," cried the dean, "can it be poſsible, signior Don Torribio, that you have met with ungrateful persons? I hope you will do me more justice than to confound me with such monsters." He then detailed a long string of maxims and apothegms on gratitude; he harangued with the kindest voice, and with all the appearance of truth, every thing his memory could supply him with; in ſhort he spoke so well, that the sorcerer, after a moment's pause, owned he could refuse nothing to one who knew so many fine quotations. "Jacintha," says he to his housekeeper, "put two partridges to the fire; I hope the dean will do me the honour to sup here to-night." He then led him into his study, where, after having touched his forehead, he repeated these mystical words, which the reader is intreated not to forget, *ortobolan*, *pitstafier*, *onagrion*; then, without further preparation, he began to explain to him the prologomenas of magic.

The new disciple was listening with an attention that scarce permitted him to breathe, when Jacintha entered hastily, followed by a little man, booted to his middle, and dirty to his ſhoulders, who wiſhed to speak to the dean on a matter of the greatest importance. He was a courier that his uncle, the biſhop of Badajoz, had sent after him, to inform him that a few hours after his departure his lordſhip had been seized with an apoplectic fit, that he was very ill, and that the most alarming consequences were to be apprehended. The dean cursed heartily to himself, and without scandal, the apoplexy, the biſhop, and the courier, who all three had so badly chosen

the time to interrupt him. He got rid of the courier by ordering him to return directly to Badajoz, and telling him he would be there as soon as himself, and then returned to his leſson as if neither uncle nor apoplexy had existed.

Some days afterwards, more news came from Badajoz; but this was scarce worth attending to. The high chanter, and two of the oldest canons came, and notified to the dean that his uncle, the most reverend biſhop, was gone to receive the recompence of his virtue in heaven, and that the chapter, legally aſsembled, had elected him to fill the vacant seat; and they begged of him to come and console the church of Badajoz his new spouse. Don Torribio was present at the harangue of the deputies, and took advantage of it like a clever fellow: He called the new biſhop aside, and after a proper compliment on the occasion, told him he had a son, named Don Benjamin, who, with much wit and good inclinations, had not the smallest taste or talent for the occult sciences; that he meant him for the church, and, thanks to heaven, he had succeeded in the pious design; for he had the satisfaction of hearing that his son acted as one of the most deserving of the clergy of Toledo; therefore he most humbly intreated his highneſs, that he would resign to Don Benjamin his deanery of Badajoz, which he could not hold with the bishoprick. "Alas!" replied the prelate, with some confusion, "I ſhall ever be most happy when I can do any thing you request; but I must inform you I have a very old relation, whose heir I am, and who is fit only to be a dean: Now if I do not give it him, I ſhall have a quarrel with my

whole family, of which I am fond even to a degree of weaknefs; but," added he, "don't you intend to come to Badajoz? You will not have the cruelty to leave me when I am beginning to be of service to you? Believe me, my dear master, let us set out together, and only think of insructing your pupil; for I will take upon me the establifhment of Don Benjamin, and will do more for him than his father now requires. A paltry deanery in Estramadura is not a proper benefice for the son of a man like you."

The civilians would say, that such a bargain was simony which the prelate proposed to the sorcerer, neverthelefs, it is certain, that these two illustrious persons concluded it without feeling any scruples. Don Torribio followed his disciple to Badajoz, he had handsome apartments in the episcopal palace, and saw himself respected as the favourite of his lordfhip, and as a kind of vicar general. Under the conduct of so able a master, the bifhop made very rapid improvements in the hidden sciences; he gave himself up to it at first, with an intemperate ardour, but by degrees he moderated his pafsion, so that it did not interfere with the duties of his see. He was perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim, very necefsary for all bifhop-sorcerers, philosophers, or men of letters, that it is not merely sufficient to attend the nocturnal meetings of the spirits, that their minds fhould be adorned with what human science has made most intricate and curious, but that they ought to point out to others the proper road to heaven, and to instil into the souls of the faithful wholesome doctrines and good behaviour. It was by fol-

lowing such wise principles that the learned prelate filled all Christendom with the fame of his merit; and when he expected it least, he saw himself nominated to the archbiſhoprick of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz, as may be easily imagined, lamented such an event, as it deprived them of their worthy pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, as the last mark of their respect and attachment, unanimously desired of him to name his succeſsor. Don Torribio did not miſs so good an opportunity to advance his son: He asked the biſhoprick of the new archbiſhop, and it was with all the grace imaginable, that the archbiſhop refused it him. "He had so much veneration for his dear master!—he was so grieved!—so very much aſhamed to refuse what appeared scarcely a request!—But how could he act otherwise? Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this biſhoprick for his natural son; and though he had never seen the constable, he was under such strong, secret, and old obligations to him, that he felt it as his indispensible duty to prefer the old benefactor to the new one: But if he would consider his will, it would not appear so very harſh; for he would see what he might with certainty depend upon when his turn came, and come it soon must." The magician had the politeneſs to believe all this, and made himself as happy as he could with its being given up to Don Ferdinand.

Nothing was thought of now, but the preparations for setting out to take poſseſsion of Compostella, though it was scarce worth while, considering the ſhort time they were to remain there. A chamber-

lain from the pope, brought, a few months afterwards, the cardinal's hat, with a complimentary brief from his holineſs, who invited him to come and aſsist him with his counsels, in governing the christian world; he permitted the archbiſhop to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the pope's meſsenger came there; he was on a visit to his dear son, who still remained a poor curate to a small pariſh in Toledo; —he soon returned; but for this time he had not the trouble to request the vacant archbiſhoprick. The prelate ran out to meet him with open arms: "My dear master, I am happy to tell you two pieces of good news instead of one; your disciple is a cardinal, and your son will ſhortly be one, or I have no interest at Rome. I wiſhed in the mean time to have made him archbiſhop of Compostella; but only think how unfortunate he is, or rather I am; my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has written to me, during your absence, a cruel letter, which has totally disconcerted all my measures. She insists upon my nominating, as my succeſsor, the archdeacon of my former church, the licenciate Don Pablos de Salazar, her confeſsor, and intimate friend; ſhe threatens me with her death, if ſhe does not obtain what ſhe wiſhes for her dear ghostly father, and I have not a doubt but ſhe will keep her word. My dear master, put yourself in my place, ſhall I kill my mother?" Don Torribio was not a man to recommend a parricide; he applauded the nomination of Don Pablos, and did not ſhow the smallest resentment against the mother of the prelate.

This mother, if it must be known, was a good sort of an old woman, almost childiſh, who lived with her cat and houſekeeper, and scarce knew the name of her confeſsor. Was it likely that it was ſhe who gave the archbiſhoprick to Don Pablos? was it not rather a very devout and very pretty Galician widow, a near relation of the archdeacon's, at whoſe home his lordſhip most aſsiduously edified himself during his stay at Compostella? However it may be, Don Torribio followed his new highneſs to Rome. Scarce were they arrived there when the pope died. It is easy to foresee where this event will lead us; the conclave is opened, the whole sacred college unite in favour of the Spaniſh cardinal;—he is now pope! After the ceremonies of the exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a private audience, wept with joy as he kiſsed the feet of his pupil, whom he saw fill the pontifical throne with so much dignity. He modestly represented his long and faithful services; he reminded his holineſs of his promises, inviolable promises, and which had been renewed before he entered the conclave; he hinted a few words about the hat, which he had just quitted in receiving the tiara; but, instead of aſking the hat for Don Benjamin, he ended by a trait of moderation, scarce to be credited: He protested he renounced all ambitious expectations; his son and himself would be too happy if his holineſs, with his benediction, would have the goodneſs to give them a small civil employment; or an annuity for their lives, that would be sufficient for the moderate wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this little harangue, the sovereign pontiff was aſking himself what he ſhould do with his preceptor. Could not he do without him? And did not he know as much of magic as became á pope? Would it be proper for him to appear at their nocturnal meetings, and submit to the indecent ceremonials which are observed at them? Every reflection made his holineſs judge that Don Torribio would not only be useleſs, but even troublesome to him; and this point being decided, he was in no difficulty what answer to make. This is literally his answer:

"We have learnt with grief, that under pretext of the occult sciences, you hold a correspondence with the prince of darkneſs and of liers, which we not only exhort you to expiate by a penitence proportionate to the enormity of such a crime, but also order you to quit the territories of the church within three days, under pain of being given up to the secular arms, and the rigour of the flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, repeated backwards the three mysterious words, which the reader ought to have remembered; and opening a window, he bauled out as loud as he could, "Jacintha! put only one partridge to the fire, for the dean will not sup here to night."

This was a thunder clap to the pretended pope, he recovered suddenly from a kind of extacy, which the three magical sounds had first thrown him into; he saw that instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo in the study of Don Torribio; by looking at the clock, he found he had scarce been an hour in this fatal study where the dreams were so delightful.

In leſs than an hour he had fancied himself magician, biſhop, archbiſhop, cardinal, pope, and found himself at last really a dupe and a knave. Every thing had been illusion except his own deceit, and the proofs he had given of his treachery and badneſs of heart. He left the room in silence, found his mule where he had left him, and returned again to Badajoz, without having learnt to cast a nativity.

OF PETRIFACTIONS IN FIFE.

To the Editor of the Bee.

Mr Editor,

If you think the following ſhort account of some petrifactions in Fife will be acceptable to your readers, you may at your conveniency give it a corner in your justly esteemed work. M.

About a mile to the westward of Burntisland the coast is rocky, and the beach covered with large stones; from these rocks, which are mostly of limestone, a small rivulet, called Starly Burn, takes its rise; and running slowly down the face of the hill, deposits in its paſsage a portion of the calcareous matter with which it is saturated, and forms a stratum more or leſs thick, according to the obstacles it has met with in its paſsage; forming incrustations upon the different bodies it meets with, such as moſs, branches, and leaves of trees, *&c.* which are very beautiful, particularly the moſs, which has evidently continued in a state of vegetation, after its roots

and lower parts had been penetrated by the calcareous matter ; in some parts we see snails arrested in their sluggiſh walk, and locked up in the stony concrete. At the bottom of the declivity, where the rock has been abrupt, there are caves formed, four or five feet wide at bottom, and gradually leſsening to the top, the water having continued to run in the slope of the hill ; and there it aſsumes a stalactitical form, resembling branches of trees, icicles, and other curious ſhapes.

Some parts of this stratum are very compact, and capable of receiving a fine poliſh, and are composed of different layers of a variety of colours, from a light aſh colour to a dark brown, and are exactly similar to a stalactite brought from Gibraltar, wrought up into toys of different kinds. Other parts of it, when first examined, are quite soft, and may be cut with a knife, but all of it, upon exposure to the air, becomes very hard, and when struck sounds like metal.

Sir Robert Sibbald, in his *history of Fife*, takes notice of this natural curiosity ; but since his time it appears to have escaped the observation of naturalists. The study of natural history has been long a favourite pursuit among people of the first fortune, rank, and ability on the continent ; and within these few years, a taste for it seems to be gaining ground here. The museum of the college, under the care of the present learned profeſsor, is emerging from obscurity ; and it is to be hoped, will, in time, contain a complete collection of specimens of all the objects of natural history in this country. A private collection has been formed on a very extensive scale, by a dis-

tinguiſhed character, dnring his late travels on the continent, which does infinite honour to his fine taste; and if his example were followed by other gentlemen, poſseſsed of his fortune and knowledge, they would find it a never failing source of honourable amusement for their private hours, and of very considerable benefit to their country, by bringing forward in one view its mineral riches, and thereby inducing the proprietors of estates, in which metallic bodies are found, to furniſh us with raw materials for our manufactures, for which immense sums are annually remitted from Scotland.

In many cases the pursuit of the naturalist tends chiefly to satisfy his curiosity, but in all it elevates his conceptions and incites his piety. The books of nature and revelation mutually illustrate each other, and are both written by the finger of ONE ETERNAL AND BENEFICENT DEITY.

ON POPE'S WORKS.

To the Editor of the Bee.

SIR,

I LATELY turned over the works of Mr Pope. I have no desire to disturb the public veneration of his general merit. But it may not be presumptuous or improper to quote a few paſsages, not entirely consistent with the zeal of vulgar idolatry.

Of his epistle to Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Pope is the hero, from the first line to the last. His habits of intimacy with the learned and the great, his can-

dour, benevolence, integrity,—his filial piety, and public spirit, are all displayed in the most ostentatious terms. His contempt of those who abused him in their lampoons, is repeated so often, that we cannot posśibly believe it.

After having loudly boasted of his connections with Somers, Sheffield, and St John, he is weak enough to say,

> " Above a patron, though I condescend
> " Sometimes *to call a minister my friend.*"

Speaking of Gay, and the neglect of his merit by the Englißh court, he adds:

> " Of all thy blameleſs life the *sole* return,
> " *My* verse! and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn."

Gay received three thousand pounds for his Beggar's opera, and had himself therefore only to blame if he ever he wanted money, which was not the case.

In his imitations of Horace there are many paſsages full of ridiculous self-conceit. Speaking of the importance of his writings, he says,

> " Yes! I am proud, and justly proud, to see
> " Men not afraid of God, afraid of me."

And again, when describing the progreſs of national corruption, he adds:

> " Yet ſhall this verse, if such a verse remain,
> " Show there was ONE who held it in disdain."

A considerable part of his poetry runs in this stile. The four following lines cannot advance our opinion of his good sense:

> " E'en in a biſhop I can spy desert;
> " Secker is decent, Rundell *has a heart.*

"Candour, with manners, are to Benson given,
"To Berkeley every virtue *under heaven.*"

Why may we not discover merit in a bishop, as easily as in any other man? His encomium on three of their lordships is trifling and equivocal, and by a necessary consequence impertinent. I have marked in italics, two phrases which are too vulgar for the flattest prose.

In an epigram printed in the notes, he mentions a lord who had offered to compound a law suit, and strangely adds:

"What on compulsion and against my will?
"A lord's aquaintance! let him fill his bill."

The tautology of the first line is forgot in the absurdity of the second. If it was so disgraceful to be in friendship with a lord, why does he so frequently remind us of his friends among the nobility?

The grossness of some lines in the Dunciad, is generally known. His imitation of Chaucer, is in the rankest language of obscenity. In his translation, from Statius, he tells us that "dreadful accents" broke from *the breast* of Œdipus. But it is a defect of a more serious nature, to put the most indecent sentiments into the epistle of Eloisa. A short specimen will justify my censure. Having mentioned her lover's misfortune she adds:

"Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
"Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
"Pant on thy lip, and to thy breast be press'd,
"Give *all thou canst* and let me dream the rest."

I cannot read the Rape of the Lock without weariness and disgust; and every *private* critic of my

acquaintance is of the same taste. Pope speaks with infinite contempt of Laurence Eusden. This writer translated the Greek story of Hero and Leander, into Englifh verse not lefs elegant than that of January and May, by Pope. In perusing the pastorals of Philips, the reader will not find that marked inferiority, which he may have expected.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

THE above fketch is drawn with a bold outline, and lively colouring; many of our readers will, probably with reason, suspect that it is not in all respects accurately just. That Pope's body was weak, and his temper splenetic is well known; and that his verses might have, at times, through carelefsnefs and inattention, been tinctured by these weaknefses, is nothing surprising. No human composition is perfect; and it is only by counterbalancing the evil with the good, that a just judgement can be formed. Among the many verses he wrote, there may be faulty lines, there may be pafsages which his friends would wifh had never seen the light; but at the same time it ought never to be forgotten, that he has written a greater number of *good lines*, when taken singly, than, Shakespeare excepted, almost any other poet in the Englifh language.

To the Editor of the Bee.

ORIGINAL ODE.

Recited by a CLUB *on the 31st of December 1791.*

COME my lads since time is fleeting,
And our year upon the wing,
Let us have a jovial meeting,
And its parting requiem sing.

Hither drawer! bring us claret,
Quickly fill us flowing bowls!
Mouldy caſh!---Why ſhould we spare it?
Baniſh dull unsocial souls.

Murm'ring mortals, still repining,
With us cannot find a place:
Double hearts, with flatt'ry whining,
Shall not ſhew their Janus face..

Those who murder reputation,
Sons of scandal come not here!
Discord dire, and vile vexation,
Shall not in our club appear.

Here is nought but social pleasure,
Love and Friendſhip reign confest;
In this bumper blooms a treasure,
Chears the care-corroded breast!

Liberty we here enjoy,
Britain's sons, and born free;
Let us then this wiſh employ,
That as happy all may be!

France, Great Britain's new-born sister,
Rising from despotic sway;
May that pow'r who thus hath blest her,
Lead her forth to Freedom's day!

Weep for Afric's sons forlorn,
Pledge their health, and wiſh them free!
Freedom's fire with all is born,
Why slaves to us ſhould negroes be?

Awkward were our presen tmeeting,
Should we here neglect the Fair;
May the peerless maids of Britain,
Still be heav'n's peculiar care!

Venus smiling here before us,
Bids us fill a flowing glass;
While in one harmonious chorus,
Ev'ry lad shall pledge his lass.

May our sweetheart's gentle bosoms,
Glow with love and modest fame!
Still may Virtue's fairest blossoms,
With fresh laurels shade their name.

A NORLAND SHEPHERD.

A FABLE.

For the Bee.

THIS tale I heard once in a shop,
The owner was a monstrous fop;
His setting dog laid claim to wit,
And call'd poor puss a sneaking cit,
Who ne'er could taste what life affords,
And hunt in company with lords;
Nor range before the tube of fate,
And see the partridge rise elate,
Now flutt'ring from its place of rest,
Now panting on its speckled breast;
Nor see the hare bound o'er the field,
Nor see the timid trembler yield;
Nor at the peep of dew-clad morn,
Exulting tread on unreap'd corn,
While modest farmers see despoil'd,
The fruits for which so long they've toil'd;
And if they dare the ill resent,
Are *damn'd*,---licens'd by government!
All this I taste, while *master* smiles,
And shopmen ease his low-bred toils.
Says puss, 'tis true I hunt for vermin,
Yet even I could give a sermon.
If you and *master* thus employ
The hours of youth,---the hours of joy,
No skill prophetic need presage,
A bankrupt, and a starving age.
Few months went round,---the tradesman fail'd!
Puss still with mice was well regal'd,
His *friends* laugh'd at the *mock* disaster,
And Pompey's sold to feed his master.
The moral's short, nor need I cox ye,
Eat,---*drink*,---but never work by proxy.

A PHOENIX HUNTER.

GLEANINGS OF ANCIENT POETRY.

From the prologue to the twelfth book of Virgil,
By GAVIN DOUGLASS *bishop of Dunkeld.*

WELCOME TO THE SUN.

WELCUM the lord of licht, and lampe of day!
Welcum fosterare of tender herbis grene,
Welcum quikkynnar of flurist flouris schene!
Welcum support of every rute and vane,
Welcum confort of all kinde frute and grane!
Welcum the birdis beild upon the brere,
Welcum maister and reulare of the yere!
Welcum welefare of husbandis at the plewis,
Welcum reparare of woddis, treis, and bewis,
Welcum depaynter of the blomyt medes,
Welcum the lyffe of every thing that spredis,
Welcum restorare of al kynd bestial;
Welcum be thy bricht bemes gladand al!
Welcum celestiall myrrour and espye,
Atteiching al that hantis sluggardly!
And with this wourd, in chaumer quhare I lay,
The nynth morow of freshe temperit *May*,
On fute I sprent into my bare sark,
Wilfu for to complete my langsum wark,
Tuiching the latter buke of Dan *Virgil*,
Quhilk me had tarry't al so lang ane quhyle,
And to behauld the cummyng of this king,
That was a welcum to al warldly thing,
With sic triumphe and pompous courage glaid,
Than of his soverane chymmes, as is said,
Newly-arising in his estate ryall;
That by his hew, but orliger or dyal,
I knew it was past four houres of day,
And thocht I wald na langare ly in *May*,
Lest *Phœbus* suld me losingere attaynt;
For *Progne* had or than sung hir complaynt,
And eik her dredful sister *Philomene*
Hir lay is endit, and in woddis grene,
Hid hir selvin, eschamit of hir chaunce,
And *Esacus* completit his pennance,
In ryveres, fludis, and on every laik,
And *Peristera* biddis luffaris awake,
To serf my lady *Venus* here with me;
Lerne thus to make your observance, quod sche,
Into my hartis ladis swete presence
Beholdis how I being, and does reverence;
Hir neck *scho* wrinklis, trasing mony fold,
With plumis glitterand azure upon gold,

Rend'ring an cullour betwix grene and blew
In purpre glance of hevenlie variant hew:
I mene our awen bird, gentil dow,
Singand on hir kynde, *I come bidder to wow*,
So prikking his grene courage for to crowde,
In amorous voce and wowar soundis lowde,
That for the dynning of her wantoun cry,
I irkit of my bed and might not ly,
But gan me blis, sine in my wedis drefsis,
And for it was are morrow or tyme to mefses,
I hint ane scripture, and my pen furth tuke,
Syne thus began of Virgil the twelt buke.

A translation of this very elegant and inimitably natural description of the dove is requested.

AZAKIA, A TALE.

[*Continued from p.* 187. *and concluded.*]

THIS discourse quite dismayed St Castins. He spoke against it every thing that reason, grief, and love could suggest to him most convincing; nothing seemed to be so to the young savage. She wept, but persevered in her design. All that the disconsolate Celario could obtain from her, was a promise, that though Ouabi fhould appear to her a second time in a dream, fhe fhould wait, before fhe put herself to death, to be afsured of his; of which St Castins was resolved to know the truth as soon as pofsible.

The savages neither exchange nor ransom their prisoners; contenting themselves to rescue them out of the enemy's hands, whenever they can. Sometimes the conqueror destines his captives to slavery; but he oftener puts hem to death. Such are particularly the maxims of the Iroquois. There was, therefore, reason to presume, that Ouabi had died of his wounds, or was burnt by that barbarous nation. Azakia believed it to be so, more than any other: But St Castins would have her at least doubt of it. On his side, he re-animates the courage of the Hurons, and proposes a new enterprise against the enemy. It is ap-

proved of—they deliberate upon electing a chief, and all voices unite in favour of St Castins, who had already given proofs of his valour and conduct. He departs with his troop, but not till after he had again Azakia's word, that, notwithstanding all the dreams ſhe might yet have, ſhe would defer, at least till his return, the doleful journey ſhe had designed.

This expedition of the Huron warriors was attended with all imaginable succeſs. The Iroquois believed them to be too much weakened or discouraged to think of undertaking any thing, and were themselves on their march to come and attack them; but they were no way cautious how they proceeded. It was not so with St Castins' band of warriors. He had dispatched some of his people to reconnoitre. They discovered the enemy without being seen by them, and returned to give advice thereof to their chief. The ground was found very fit for lying in ambuscade; and the Hurons availed themselves so well of it, that the Iroquois saw themselves hemmed in, when they believed they had no riſk to run. They were charged with a fury that left them no time to know where they were. Most of them were killed on the spot; and the remainder maimed, or grievously wounded. The Hurons march off directly to the next village, and surprise the Iroquois aſsembled there. They were going to enjoy the spectacle of seeing a Huron burnt; and already the Huron was beginning to sing his death-song. This, no savage, whom the enemy is ready to put to death, ever fails to do. Loud cries, and a ſhower of muſket balls, soon dispersed the multitude. Both the fugitives, and those that faced about to resist, were killed. All the savage ferocity was fully displayed. In vain St Castins endeavoured to stop the carnage. With difficulty he saved a small number of women and children. He was apprehensive, particularly, that in the midst of this horrid tumult, Ouabi himself ſhould be maſsacred, supposing he was still living, and was in that

habitation. Full of this notion, he ran inceſsantly from one place to another. He perceived on a spot, where the battle still continued, a prisoner tied to a stake, and having all about him the apparatus of death; that is, combustibles for burning him by a slow fire. The chief of the Hurons flies to the wretched captive, breaks his bonds—knows him—and embraces him with transports of joy.—It was Ouabi.

This brave savage had preferred the loſs of his life to that of his liberry. He was scarcely cured of his wounds, when life was offered him, on condition of remaining a slave; but he had chosen death, determined to procure it if refused to him. The Iroquois were a people that would spare him that trouble; and one moment later his companions could not have saved him.

After having dispersed, or made slaves of the remains of the Iroquois in that quarter, the Huron army marched home. St Castins wanted to give up the command of it to Ouabi, which he refused. On the way, he informed him of Azakia's purpose to die, persuaded that he was not alive, and that he had required her to follow him; he acquainted him also of the poison ſhe had prepared on that account, and of the delay he had obtained from her with great difficulty. He spoke with a tenderneſs and emotion that deeply affected the good Ouabi, who called to mind some things he had not much attended to at the time they happened; but he then let him know nothing of what he intended—They arrive. Azakia, who had another dream, fancied this return as a signal of her fate. But how great was her surprise, to see, among the number of the living, the huſband ſhe was going to meet in the abode of spirits!

At first ſhe remained motionleſs and mute; but her joy soon expreſsed itself by lively careſses and long discourses. Ouabi received the one, and interrupted the others. Afterwards, addreſsing himself to St Castins; "Celario!"

said he, "thou hast saved my life; and, what is still dearer to me, thou hast twice preserved to me Azakia: She therefore belongs more to thee than to me;—I belong to thee myself: See whether ſhe be enough to acquit us both. I yield her to thee through gratitude, but would not have yielded her, to deliver myself from the fire kindled by the Iroquois."

What this discourse made St Castins feel, is hard to be expreſsed; not that it seemed so ridiculous and strange to him, as it might to many Europeans: He knew that divorces were very frequent among the savages. They separate, as easily as they come together. But, persuaded that Azakia could not be yielded up to him without a supernatural effort—he believed himself obliged to evince equal generosity. He refused what he desired most, and refused in vain—Ouabi's perseverance in his resolution was not to be conquered. As to the faithful Azakia, who had been seen to resist all St Castins' attacks, and to refuse surviving the huſband, whom ſhe believed to be dead, it might perhaps be expected that ſhe would long hold out against the separation her huſband had proposed. To this ſhe made not the least objection. She had hitherto complied only with her duty; and thought ſhe was free to listen to her inclination, since Ouabi required it of her. The pieces of the rod of union were brought forth, put together, and burnt. Ouabi and Azakia embraced each other for the last time, and, from that moment, the young and beautiful Huron was reinstated in all the rights of a maiden. It is also said, that, by the help of some miſsionaries, St Castins put her in a condition of becoming his wife according to the rules prescribed to christians. Ouabi on his side, broke the rod with young Zisma; and these two marriages, so different in the form, were equally happy. Each huſband, well aſsured that there were no competitors, forgot that there had been any predeceſsors.

INTELLIGENCE RESPECTING ARTS.

Machine for making candles.

BRITAIN is daily making improvements in arts by means of machinery; there are still greater inducements for exertions in this line in America, as labour is there extremely dear in proportion to the necefsaries of life. A manufacturer in Philadelphia has lately announced an invention of his own, by which, with the afsistance of an apparatus adapted for the purpose, one person can make as many candles as ten could do in the ordinary way. He does not explain either the principle, or any circumstance respecting this machine, that can lead to a discovery of its nature, contenting himself with barely announcing these particulars.

Many are the arts that still remain to be perfected in Britain, by means of machinery; and it is not to be doubted, but ingenious men will turn their attention to that subject, and gradually perfect them in that way. Among these, it may not be improper to mention two manufactures in particular, that seem to be peculiarly susceptible of improvement by machinery, *viz.* type-founding, and paper-making. At present, the method of casting types in single letters at a time, by the hand, is a slow, awkward, expensive, and unwholesome procefs; and there can be no doubt but a machine might be contrived to lift the metal, pour it out, give the jerk necefsary in the procefs, and shake out the types with much more steadinefs, accuracy, and precision, than it can be done at present. This will be said to be impofsible, till it be actually done.

Acknowledgements to correspondents deferred till our next.